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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

NEEDLEWORK

I

Lengths of lawn, and dimities,  
Dainty, smooth and cool—  
In their possibilities  
Beautiful—

Stretch beneath my hand in sheets,  
Fragrant from the loom,  
Like a field of marguerites  
All in bloom.

Where my scissors' footsteps pass  
Fluttering furrows break,  
As the scythe trails through the grass  
Its deep wake.

All my stitches, running fleet,  
Cannot match the tread  
Of my thoughts whose wingèd feet  
Race ahead.

They are gathering imagery  
Out of time and space,  
That a needle's artistry  
May embrace.

Hints of dawn and thin blue sky,  
Breaths the breezes bear,

*Hazel Hall*

Wispy-waspy things that fly  
In warm air.

Bolts of dimity I take,  
Muslin smooth and cool;  
These my fingers love to make  
Beautiful.

II

Crowds are passing on the street—  
Tuck on tuck and pleat on pleat  
Of people hurrying along,  
Homeward bound—throng on throng.  
Their work is finished, mine undone;  
Still my stitches run.

I cannot watch the people go—  
Fold on fold and row on row;  
But I know each pulsing tread  
Is spinning out a life's fine thread;  
I know the stars, like needle-gleams,  
Are pricking through the sky's wide seams;  
And soon the moon must show its face,  
Like a pearl button stitched in place.  
All the long hours of the day  
Are finished now and folded away;  
Yet the hem is still undone  
Where my stitches run.

*Hazel Hall*